LANDSEER

BY

ESTELLE M. HURLL

A COLLECTION
OF PICTURES WITH
INTRODUCTION
AND
INTERPRETATION

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From an Engraving by Frank Cousins

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE CONNOISSEURS

Property of King Edward VII

The Riverside Art Series

LANDSEER

A COLLECTION OF FIFTEEN PICTURES
AND A PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER
WITH INTRODUCTION AND
INTERPRETATION

BY

ESTELLE M. HURLL

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

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PREFACE

THE wide popularity of Landseer has been chiefly due to the circulation of engravings after his works. This little book is, so far as I know, the first attempt to bring together a collection of his pictures made in the modern process of half tone, from photographs direct from the original paintings. It is hoped that they may give a fairly good idea of the range and character of his art.

ESTELLE M. HURLL.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
September, 1901.

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Picture from Engraving by Frank Cousins

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INTRODUCTION

I. ON LANDSEER'S CHARACTER AS AN ARTIST.

If the popularity of a painter were the measure of his artistic greatness, Sir Edwin Landseer's would be among the foremost of the world's great names. At the height of his career probably no other living painter was so familiar and so well beloved throughout the English-speaking world. There were many homes in England and America where his pictures were cherished possessions.

While popular opinion is never a safe basis for a critical estimate, it must be founded on reasons worth considering. In the case of Landseer there is no doubt that a large element in his success was his choice of subjects. The hearts of the people are quickly won by subjects with which they are familiar in everyday life. A universal love for animals, and especially for domestic pets, prepared a cordial welcome for the painter of the deer and the dog. His pictures supplied a real want among the class of people who know and care nothing about "art for art's sake."

The dramatic power with which Landseer handled his subjects was the deeper secret of his fame. He knew how to tell a story with a simple directness which has never been surpassed. With almost equal facility for humor and pathos, he alternated between such inimitable satire as the Jack in Office and such poignant tragedy as the Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner. Before pictures

like these, the keenest criticism must confirm the popular verdict. Poetic imagination is one of the most coveted of the artist's gifts, and Landseer's rich endowment commands universal admiration.

The artist who is a story teller finds it one of the most difficult tasks to keep within proper limits. He is under a constant temptation to emphasize his point too strongly, to exaggerate his meaning in order to make it plain. That Landseer never fell into such error none would dare to claim. In interpreting the emotions of dumb animals he sometimes overdrew, or seemed to overdraw, their resemblance to human beings. Only those who have observed animals as closely as he — and how few they are — are competent to decide in this matter. When one thoroughly considers the question, the wonder is less that he sometimes made mistakes, than that he made so few. As a sympathetic critic has said: "Nothing short of the most exquisite perception of propriety on his part could have enabled him to give innumerable versions of the inner life of animals with so little of the exaggeration and fantasticalness which would have easily become repugnant to the common sense of Englishmen." [1]

Among Landseer's technical qualities the critic has highest praise for his drawing. He was a born draughtsman, as we see in the astonishing productions of his boyhood. He was besides a painstaking and faithful student in the youthful years when the foundations of good work must be laid. Another valuable quality was his artistic discrimination, that which a certain critic has called "the selective glance that discerns in a moment what are the lines of character and of life." Seizing these, he transferred them to his canvas in the decisive strokes which reproduce not merely the body but the vitality of the subject.

[1] Henrietta Keddie ("Sarah Tytler").

His dexterity in texture-painting was remarkable. The glossy coat of the bay mare, the soft long hair of the Newfoundland dog, the polished surface of metal, were rendered with consummate skill. There are marvellous tales of the rapidity of his workmanship. In the moment of inspiration his practised hand made the single telling brush stroke which produced the desired effect.

With apparently little systematic effort towards orderly composition, he often felt his way instinctively, as it were, to some admirable arrangements. He sometimes showed a feeling for pose almost plastic in quality, as when he painted A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society and The Sleeping Bloodhound. His sense of the picturesque is quite marked. He was fond of sparkle, and disposed very cleverly the points of bright light in his pictures.

Landseer's admirers are wont to regret that he devoted himself to so limited a range of subjects. The patronage of the rich absorbed much of his time in unimportant work, — time which might better have been spent in those works of creative imagination of which he showed himself capable. His pictures of deer subjects reveal an otherwise unsuspected power in landscape-painting which with cultivation might have led him into another field of success. In portrait-painting, too, his work was admirable, especially in the delineation of children.

It is idle to speculate upon what he might have been had he not been what he was. Much greater artists than he might well envy him his unique fame. To exceptional artistic ability he united a sympathetic imagination which divined some of the most precious secrets of common life. It was his peculiar glory that he touched the hearts of the people.

II. ON BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

In the year following Landseer's death (*i. e.*, in 1874), a memoir of the painter was published by F. G. Stephens, made up in part of material previously issued by the writer on the Early Works of Landseer. A few years later (in 1880), this memoir served in turn, as the substantial material, revised and somewhat enlarged, for Stephens' biography of Landseer in the series "Great Artists." Besides Stephens, Cosmo Monkhouse has devoted valuable critical work to the art career of Landseer. Full of suggestive and illuminating comment is his large volume "The Works of Sir Edwin Landseer, with a History of his Art Life." The book is illustrated. Valuable chapters on Landseer are in "The Art of Painting in the Queen's Reign," by A. G. Temple, London, 1897, and in "Animal Painters of England," by Sir Walter Gilbey, London, 1900.

An interesting article on Landseer's art appeared in "The British Quarterly Review" soon after his death, and was reprinted in Littell's "Living Age," December 26, 1874. Comments on the artist's pictures and methods are scattered through the works of Ruskin and Hamerton. A catalogue of Landseer's works was issued by Henry Graves, London, 1875.

III. HISTORICAL DIRECTORY OF THE PICTURES OF THIS COLLECTION.

The Connoisseurs. Painted in 1865. The property of King Edward VII.

1. *King Charles Spaniels.* Painted in 1832, according to the authority of F. G. Stephens. Monkhouse gives the date as 1845. In the National Gallery, London. Size: 2 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 2 ft. $11\frac{1}{2}$ in.

2. *Shoeing.* Exhibited in 1844. Bequeathed by Mr.

Jacob Bell to the National Gallery, London, where it now hangs. Size: 4 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 8 in.

3. *Suspense.* Exhibited in 1834. In the South Kensington Museum, London. Size: 2 ft. 11¾ in. by 2 ft. 3½ in.

4. *The Monarch of the Glen.* Painted in 1850 or 1851. Bought in 1897 by Mr. T. J. Barratt of Hampstead, England. Size: 5 ft. 4 in. by 5 ft. 6 in.

5. *The Twa Dogs.* Signed E. L. 1822. In the South Kensington Museum, London. Size: 1 ft. 9 in. by 1 ft. 4¾ in.

6. *Dignity and Impudence.* Exhibited in 1839. Bequeathed by Mr. Jacob Bell to the National Gallery, London, where it now hangs. Size: 2 ft. 11½ in. by 2 ft. 3½ in.

7. *Peace.* Exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1846. In the National Gallery, London. Size: 2 ft. 10 in. by 4 ft. 4 in.

8. *War.* Exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1846. In the National Gallery, London. Size: 2 ft. 10 in. by 4 ft. 4 in.

9. *A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society.* Exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1838. In the National Gallery, London. Size: 3 ft. 6½ in. by 4 ft. 7 in.

10. *A Naughty Child.* Exhibited at the British Institution, in 1834. In the South Kensington Museum, London. Size: 1 ft. 3 in. by 11 in.

11. *The Sleeping Bloodhound.* Exhibited at the British Institution in 1835. Bequeathed by Mr. Jacob Bell to the National Gallery, London, where it now hangs. Size: 3 ft. 3 in. by 4 ft. 1 in.

12. *The Hunted Stag.* Exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1833. In the National Gallery, London. Size: 2 ft. 3½ in. by 2 ft. 11½ in.

13. *Jack in Office.* Exhibited at the Royal Academy,

in 1833. In the South Kensington Museum, London. Size: 2 ft. 2 in. by 1 ft. 7¾ in.

14. *The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner.* Exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1837. In the South Kensington Museum, London. Size: 2 ft. by 1 ft. 6 in.

15. *A Lion of the Nelson Monument.* Commission received in 1859. Lions set up in Trafalgar Square, 1868.

IV. OUTLINE TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN LANDSEER'S LIFE.

1802. Landseer born in London.
1815. "Honorary Exhibitor" at Royal Academy, studies under Haydon.
1816. Admittance to Royal Academy as student.
1817. Portrait of Brutus exhibited.
1818. Fighting Dogs exhibited.
1822. Premium of £150 awarded by Directors of British Institution for Larder Invaded.
1824. First visit to Highlands and to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford.
Cat's-Paw exhibited.
1825. Removal to house in St. John's Wood, London.
1826. Associate of Royal Academy.
1830. Royal Academician.
1834. Landseer's highest level in art; Suspense exhibited.
Highland Shepherd Dog rescuing Sheep from Snowdrift.
1837. Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner.
1840. Travel on Continent.
1843. The Sanctuary.
1846. Peace; and War.
The Stag at Bay.
1848. A Random Shot.
1850. Knighthood conferred.

1853. Gold medal from Paris Exhibition.
1859. Commission for lions of Nelson Monument.
1860. Flood in the Highlands.
1868. Lions placed in Trafalgar Square.
1869. The Swannery Invaded.
1873. Death, October 1.
Funeral in St. Paul's, October 11.

V. SOME OF LANDSEER'S CONTEMPORARIES.

ARTISTS: —

Sir Charles Eastlake, 1793–1865
C. R. Leslie, 1794–1859.
Henry Fuseli, 1741–1825.
William Mulready, 1786–1863. } Painters.
J. M. W. Turner, 1775–1851.
Benjamin West, 1738–1820.
Sir David Wilkie, 1785–1841.
John Gibson, sculptor, 1790–1866.
Thomas Landseer, engraver, 1796–1880.

AUTHORS: —

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1809–1861.
Robert Browning, 1812–1889.
Lord Byron, 1788–1824.
Charles Dickens, 1812–1870.
George Eliot, 1819–1880.
James Hogg, 1770–1835.
Walter Savage Landor, 1775–1864.
John Ruskin, 1819–1900.
Sir Walter Scott, 1771–1832.
Tennyson, 1809–1892.
Thackeray, 1811–1863.
Wordsworth, 1770–1850.

I

KING CHARLES SPANIELS

Edwin Henry Landseer was the most gifted member of a family of artists. His father was a well-known engraver, and his brother Thomas distinguished himself in the same profession. As soon as he could hold a pencil, the boy Edwin began to draw. The family were then living in the outskirts of London, and there were open fields near the house. Here the future animal-painter used to spend long afternoons sketching cows and sheep, and at the end of the day his father would criticise his work.

At an early age the young artist began to show a preference for the dog above other animals. A drawing of a foxhound made when he was five years old is still exhibited as a remarkable production. At the age of fourteen he became a pupil at the Royal Academy, "a bright lad with light curling hair, and a very gentle, graceful manner and much manliness withal." The following year all the critics were surprised when he exhibited an admirable portrait of a dog called Brutus. The painter Fuseli was at this time at the head of the Academy, and was very fond of his precocious pupil, whom he playfully called his "little dog boy," in reference to the Brutus.

It was by means of another dog picture that the artist took his next step towards fame. "The Fighting Dogs" was a remarkable work for a painter sixteen years old, and upon its exhibition in 1818 it was purchased by an English nobleman. This was the real beginning of Landseer's professional career, and from this time forward his success was assured.

It became a fashion among people of means to bring their dogs to Landseer for their portraits. He even counted royalty among his patrons, painting the favorite pets of Queen Victoria and her husband, Prince Albert.

The spaniels of our picture were the pets of a certain Mr. Vernon, who not unnaturally deemed the beautiful little creatures a worthy subject for a master's brush. This kind of dog, as its name implies, is supposed to have come originally from Spain. Both Stuart kings, Charles I. and Charles II., were specially fond of the breed, each having a favorite variety. One of the dukes of Marlborough was also a lover of spaniels, and imported into England the variety called, from his palace, the Blenheim. The difference of color between the King Charles and the Blenheim is seen in the picture, the former being black and tan, with a few white touches ; the other white, with spots of liver color. Both have characteristic silky coats, round heads, big lustrous eyes set wide apart, and long ears hanging in folds.

The little dogs lie side by side on a table. The Blenheim has his paws over the edge, resting his

Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS

National Gallery, London

nose comfortably upon them. The King Charles nestles upon the brim of a high-crowned hat ornamented with a long ostrich plume drooping over the brim. Such a hat was worn among the Cavaliers or king's party in the reign of Charles I.; hence the title of the Cavalier's Pets,[1] often given to the picture. The hat, it must be understood, serves an important artistic purpose in the composition, the height, from crown to feather tip, relieving the otherwise flat effect of the picture.

The attention of the dogs seems attracted by some object across the room. It is the painter talking to them soothingly over his sketch: he has learned the secret of dog language. As his pencil moves rapidly over the paper, they watch him with wide eyes, full of wonder but with no fear. They are like spoiled children gazing at a visitor with an expression half wilful, half beseeching. The fresh ribbon bows they wear are evidence of the fond care bestowed upon them.

Though the spaniel is not of the highest order of canine intelligence, it is an affectionate and lovable pet often known to fame in distinguished company. Tradition has it that it was one of these little creatures which followed the unfortunate Mary Stuart to the executioner's block —

"The little dog that licked her hand, the last of all the crowd
Which sunned themselves beneath her glance and round her footsteps bowed."

[1] The idea suggested in this title is made the basis of an imaginary story woven about the picture in Sarah Tytler's little book, *Landseer's Dogs and their Stories.*

It is also supposed that Sir Isaac Newton's little dog Diamond was a spaniel, the mischief-maker who destroyed his master's priceless calculations, and drew from the philosopher the mild exclamation, "Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done." Again, it was a spaniel whom Elizabeth Barrett Browning cherished as the companion of weary hours of illness and confinement. The charming verses to Flush celebrate the dog's beauty and affection.

The history of our picture illustrates Landseer's remarkable facility of workmanship. After making the first sketch at Mr. Vernon's house in Pall Mall, the painter was for a long time too busy to do any further work upon it. One day artist and patron chanced to meet upon the street, and the former was reminded of his promise. The sketch was taken out and, two days later, the finished painting was delivered to the owner. The picture lost nothing, however, by the haste with which it was executed. A competent critic (Cosmo Monkhouse) has said that Landseer never excelled it as a piece of painting. Much praise has been bestowed upon the few dexterous strokes which have so perfectly reproduced the texture of the plume on the hat. Even in the black and white reproduction we can appreciate some of the best points of the picture.

II

SHOEING

At the blacksmith's shop the bay mare Betty is being fitted to new shoes. Already the fore feet are nicely shod and the blacksmith now has the near hind foot in hand. The other occupants of the place are a small donkey and the bloodhound Laura.

Betty is a sensible horse and enjoys the shoeing process. When the time comes around for her regular visit to the forge, she walks off of her own accord and unattended to the familiar spot. No halter is necessary to keep her standing; in fact, she would not tolerate such an indignity. She takes her place by the window as if perfectly at home.

Blacksmith and horse are old friends who understand each other well. The man has won the animal's confidence by the care he has taken to fit the shoes comfortably. Though a plain, rough fellow, he is of a kindly nature and knows his business thoroughly.

The shop is a quaint little place such as one finds in English villages. The thick masonry of the walls shows how old the building is; the floor is paved with large blocks of stone. Between the anvil and the forge there is only space enough for the horse to stand. Yet all the necessary tools are at hand,

and a good blacksmith may shoe a horse as well here as in the most elaborate city establishment.

At this stage of the process the preparations are all over. The old shoes were first removed and the feet pared and filed. New shoes were chosen as near the right size as possible, and one by one shaped for each foot. Holding the shoe in his long tongs, the blacksmith thrusts it into the fire, while he fans the flames with the bellows. Thence it is transferred, a glowing red crescent, to the anvil. Now the workman swings his hammer upon it with ringing strokes, the sparks fly out in a shower, and the soft metal is shaped at will. The shoe may be made a little broader or a little longer, as the case may be; bent a trifle here or there, to accommodate the foot to be fitted. The steel toe calk is welded in, the ends are bent to form the heels, the holes for nails are punctured, the shoe taking an occasional plunge into the flames during these processes.

Now there must be a preliminary trying-on. The shoe still hot is held to the foot for which it is intended, and the air is filled with the fumes of burning hoof. Yet the horse does not flinch, for the thick hoof is a perfect protection for the sensitive parts of the foot. If the careful blacksmith is not quite satisfied with the fit, there must be more hammering on the anvil, and another trying on. When the shoe is satisfactory, it is thrust hissing into a barrel of cold water, and, cooled and hardened, is ready to be nailed on.

Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

SHOEING

National Gallery, London

It is at this point in the story that we come upon Betty. The farrier, after the approved method of his trade, holds the foot firmly between his knees, and bends to his task. The nails, long and flat, are in the tool-box on the floor beside him. A few firm blows of the hammer drive each one into place, first on one side, then on the other ; the projecting points are twisted off every time, and finally, all the rough ends are filed smoothly on the outside of the hoof. Betty is at last fully shod and will step complacently home.

Our painter has arranged the four figures of the picture in a sort of circular composition, so that we may see each one in a characteristic pose. The bay mare is, of course, the chief attraction, a fine high-bred creature, with straight legs, arching neck, and gentle face marked on the forehead with a pure white star. Landseer exerted his utmost skill in reproducing the texture of the glossy hide. Its beautiful sheen is more striking by contrast with the shaggy hair of the donkey. It was a clever thought to place this plebeian little beast beside the aristocratic, high-spirited horse.

The donkey bends his head in a deprecating way below Betty's handsome neck, and the horse permits the companionship of an inferior with gentle tolerance. There is something very appealing about the donkey, a patient little beast of burden, meekly bearing his saddle. The bloodhound shows no little curiosity as to the shoeing process, as if it were something new to her. She sits on her haunches, thrust-

ing her head forward, the long ears drooping, the sensitive nose sniffing the strange odors.

Among these dumb companions the blacksmith feels himself surrounded by friends. He is a lover of pets, as we see by the birdcage hanging in the window. His sturdy frame looks equal to the demands of his trade, which are in fact very laborious. It is grimy work, and only the roughest clothes can be worn. A big leather apron with a cut down the middle is, as it were, his badge of office. Our farrier does his work with conscientious earnestness, concentrating all his thought and energy upon each blow of the hammer. The task completed, he will take an honest pride in the good piece of work he has done for Betty.

It is interesting to know that old Betty's owner was Mr. Jacob Bell, an intimate friend and business adviser of Landseer.

III

SUSPENSE

A WOUNDED knight has been brought home to his castle, and a line of blood-stains on the floor shows where he was carried through the hall to the room beyond. The family and servants press after, the door is closed, and the favorite hound is shut out in the hall alone. Only the meaningless murmur of voices, broken perhaps by the groans of his master, tells what is going on within. It is a moment of suspense, and the dog waits with drooping head, and eyes fixed mournfully on the barrier which separates him from the object of his devotion.[1] So alert is every sense that at the slightest touch upon the door he will spring forward and push his way in.

It is some such story as this which the painter tells us in the picture called Suspense.[2] Every detail is full of meaning to the imagination. The heavy door, studded with great nails, calls to mind the old Norman castle; the gauntlets on the table and the plume on the floor suggest the armor of the mediæval knight. The picture is like an illustration for one

[1] A similar situation is described in the story of *Bob, Son of Battle*, where the shepherd dog waits in suspense outside the sickroom of his mistress.

[2] A pretty imaginary story is woven about the picture in Sarah Tytler's little book, *Landseer's Dogs and their Stories*.

of Scott's novels. Our knight may have been wounded, like Ivanhoe, in a tournament. The scene of the lists rises before us, the opposite lines of mounted knights charging upon each other with their lances, the shock of the meeting, the unhorsing of many, the blows of the battle axe upon helmet and coat of mail, and finally the entrance of the squires to bear their wounded masters to a place of safety.

The hound had no part in the sports of the tourney, but the scene of his glory was the chase. When the knight went forth for a day's hunting in the forest, the whole pack went with him, waking the woodland echoes with their baying. Some familiar verses tell of

> "The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
> Resounding up the rocky way,
> And faint from farther distance borne,
> The echo of the hoof and horn."

The dogs' delicate sense of smell enables them to track game with unerring precision. It seems impossible to exhaust their perseverance or their wind, and it is surely not their fault if a hunting-party returns unsuccessful.

While hunting brings out the more ferocious elements of the nature, the hound is on the other hand capable of an affectionate devotion which makes him a valued friend of man. The English country gentleman is a lover of dogs and horses, and knows how to appreciate their good qualities. Out of the many animals in his kennels one dog is usually a chosen

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

SUSPENSE

South Kensington Museum, London

favorite which becomes his master's inseparable companion. Such a favorite is the dog of our picture, and we like to fancy that the knight is worthy the love of so noble a creature.

The hound is represented in his best and noblest aspect: all the forces of his being seem concentrated in loving anxiety. It is as if suffering brought out in the dog's nature those higher qualities by which he is allied to human beings. His countenance is intensely expressive yet thoroughly canine. Every line of the drawing brings out the dog's character,— the squat of the haunches, the position of the legs far apart, the rising of the hair on the crest of the back, the droop of the head, the flattening of the tail.

The broad collar with the ring is a symbol of his subjection. The privilege of man's friendship has cost the dog his freedom. To offset the hours of delightful companionship with his friendly master are the weary times when he must tug impotently at the chain which keeps him within the castle enclosure.

It has been said that Landseer looked upon most animals with the eyes of the artist, the poet, and the natural historian, but the dog alone he painted as a friend. Our picture is good evidence of the truth of the statement. Every resource of the painter's art was lavished upon his favorite subject with the loving care that one gives only to a friend.

The massive size of the dog is seen by comparing the figure with the height of the table and the door.

The great creature practically fills the canvas. The pose is so finely conceived, the figure itself so admirably "modelled," to use the critic's phrase, that it seems almost like a work of sculpture. The light and shadow are carefully studied. The light seems to come from some source at the right, bringing out strongly the expressiveness of the dog's face. Landseer, we are told, was fond of introducing into his pictures a bit of sparkling metal. Here the reflected light on the gauntlets, like that on the spurs beside the King Charles Spaniels and on the helmet near the Sleeping Bloodhound, adds an effective touch to the composition.

Suspense has been a popular favorite among Landseer's works, and is one of the pictures referred to in the Memorial Verses published in "Punch" after the artist's death. This is the stanza describing it: —

> "The lordly bloodhound with pricked ear,
> And scent suspicious, watches for his lord
> At the locked door, from whose sill, trickling clear,
> The blood bespeaks surprise and treacherous sword."

IV

THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN

An annual visit to the Scottish Highlands was one of Landseer's pleasures. It was here that he learned to know the habits of the deer, the subject of many of his noblest paintings. His first journey to this region was as a young man of twenty-two, in company with a friend and fellow painter, Leslie. An incident of the excursion was a visit to Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott. The painter and the novelist had much in common in their attachment to dogs, their fondness for vigorous out-of-door exercise, and their love of nature.

Landseer was deeply impressed with the rugged grandeur of the Highland scenery. Especially was his imagination stirred by the mountain solitudes, the haunt of the deer, which Scott had described in his poems. A favorite resort was the valley of Glencoe, a singularly wild and romantic spot where a long narrow ravine is shut in between almost perpendicular hills.

The painter first made the acquaintance of the deer after the ordinary manner of the sportsman. For sport in itself, however, he cared little or nothing; the great attraction of hunting was the chance to study the action of animals. His friends

laughed at him for a poor shot, but his true weapon was the pencil, not the gun. One day, while deer-stalking, just as a magnificent shot came his way, the gillies were astonished to have the painter thrust the gun into their hands, and hastily take out his sketch-book. It was the life and not the death of the animal in which he was chiefly interested.

The Monarch of the Glen seems to be a picture caught in just this way. The very life and character of the animal are transferred to the canvas as by a snap shot of the camera. The stag has heard some strange sound or scented some new danger, and, mounting a hill, looks abroad to see if all is well. The responsibility of the herd is his, and he has a tender care for the doe and the young deer. He must always be on the alert.

His attitude reminds one of Scott's "antlered monarch" in "The Lady of the Lake," which

> "Like crested leader proud and high
> Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
> A moment gazed adown the dale,
> A moment snuffed the tainted gale."

It is with a proud sense of ownership that the monarch surveys his domain. With head erect he seems to defy the whole world of sportsmen. Behind him are piled the massive crags of the mountain peaks, with the mist rising from the valley below. This fog, so dangerous to the traveller, is a blessing to the deer, tempering the heat of the summer sun and hiding him from his enemy, man. It appealed to Landseer on account of its weird sublimity, and

From an Engraving by Thomas Landseer

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN

he liked to get the effect of it in his landscapes, especially when illumined by a burst of sunlight.

The Monarch of the Glen is a splendid specimen of his kind. The spreading horns above his head are like the boughs of an oak tree. We know from the number of branches that he is seven years old. The horns are developed at the end of the first year, and every year thereafter are displaced by new ones with an additional branch.

The large ears are held erect as if the animal could fairly see with them. His fine eyes scan the horizon with a searching glance which misses nothing. His sensitive nose detects from afar the approach of any stranger to his fastnesses. The end is always moist, in order that he may catch the way of the wind, as the hunter catches it on his moistened finger. His neck is encircled with a heavy mane, falling in a broad band, like the collar of a royal order. His body is rather short, thick, and round.

The legs, which are seen only half their length, seem strangely disproportioned to the weight of so heavy an animal. That the deer's horns are so large and his legs so small are two perpetual mysteries about this wild creature. An amusing fable by La Fontaine relates how a stag, gazing at his reflection in the water, deplores the awkwardness of his legs, and admires the beauty of his antlers. A moment later, fleeing for his life, he learns the value of his despised legs, while the boasted horns impede his progress by catching in the branches of the forest trees.

The speed of which the deer is capable is indeed marvelous. He adds to his power of fleet running a wonderful trick of bounding through space. It is said that a deer may leap six or eight feet into the air, and cover in a single bound a distance of eighteen to thirty feet. The leap is performed without apparent haste or effort, the animal rising gracefully into the air by a tiny toe-touch of the dainty hoofs. It is a sort of wingless flying.[1] The deer is besides a strong swimmer, and lakes and streams are no obstacles in his way.

As we look into the noble face of the Monarch of the Glen, we feel a sense of kinship with him, like the experience of Yan in the beautiful story of "The Sandhill Stag." It was after following the trail of the deer many days that the youth at last came suddenly face to face with the object of his desire, "a wondrous pair of bronze and ivory horns, a royal head, a noble form behind it." As they gazed into each other's eyes, every thought of murder went out of Yan's heart, and gave place to a strange sense of fellowship. "Go now without fear," he said, "but if only you would come sometimes and look me in the eyes, and make me feel as you have done to-day, you would drive the wild beast wholly from my heart, and then the veil would be a little drawn, and I should know more of the things that wise men have prayed for knowledge of."

[1] See *The Trail of the Sandhill Stag*, by Ernest Seton-Thompson, from which is also drawn the information about the deer's moist nose.

V

THE TWA DOGS

THE Scotch poet Robert Burns, who died a few years before Landseer's birth, was a kindred spirit of the painter in his love of dogs and his sense of humor. An early picture by Landseer illustrating the poem of "The Twa Dogs" fits the verses as if painter and poet had worked together. We are told that Burns once had a collie which he named Luath, after a dog in Ossian's "Fingal." The favorite came to an untimely end, through some one's cruelty, and the poet was inconsolable. He determined to immortalize Luath in a poem, and this is the history of the tale of "The Twa Dogs."

The poem relates how

> "Upon a bonny day in June
> When wearing through the afternoon,
> Twa dogs, that were na thrang[1] at hame,
> Forgather'd ance upon a time."

Of the two dogs, one is the collie Luath, here represented as the friend and comrade of a ploughman. He is described in broad Scotch as

> "A gash[2] and faithfu' tyke
> As ever lap a sheugh[3] or dike.
> His honest, sonsie,[4] baws'nt[5] face,

[1] Busy. [2] Knowing. [3] Ditch.
[4] Comely. [5] White-striped.

Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his touzie [1] back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;
His gaucie [2] tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies [3] wi' a swirl."

Luath's companion was a foreign dog, from "some far place abroad, where sailors gang to fish for cod," in short, Newfoundland. He was, moreover, a dog of "high degree," whose "lockèd, letter'd, braw brass collar showed him the gentleman and scholar." The "gentleman" is appropriately called Cæsar, a name commonly given to Newfoundland dogs.

The picture carries out faithfully the poet's conception of both animals. Luath is here to the very life, with shaggy black back, white breast, and honest face. We only regret that his position does not allow us to see the upward curl of his bushy tail. Cæsar is a black and white Newfoundland dog with a brass collar. The model is said to have been Neptune, the dog of a certain Mr. Gosling.[4]

Though representing opposite stations in life, The Twa Dogs were excellent friends. On this occasion, weary of their usual diversions, they sat down together on a hillock

"And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation."

It is Cæsar who opens the conversation, expressing curiosity as to how the poor man can endure his life. Luath owns that the cotter's lot is a hard one, but

[1] Shaggy. [2] Bushy. [3] Hips.

[4] Two years later (1824) Landseer painted the portrait of Mr. Gosling's Neptune, showing head and shoulders in front view.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE TWA DOGS

South Kensington Museum, London

declares that in spite of poverty and hardships the poor are "maistly wonderfu' contented." The talk then drifts to the corruption of politics and the vices of the rich. Cæsar at last brings it to an end by describing the wearisome monotony and emptiness of the fashionable life.

By this time it was sundown, and the two friends separated, rejoicing "that they were na men, but dogs."

The contrast between the two canine types is well brought out in our picture. Even the attitudes show their opposite temperaments. The collie is a somewhat awkward figure, sitting on his haunches, with legs far apart, nervously alert. The Newfoundland dog lies at his ease with one paw elegantly crossed over the other. They talk muzzle to muzzle, the one long and pointed, the other thick and square.

In those days the collie was chiefly the poor man's dog, the indispensable aid of the shepherd, and the friend of the laborer. It was not until later years that, following the example of the Queen, the rich began to notice his good qualities, and he became a popular favorite. But neither Burns nor Landseer needed to be taught by the dictates of fashion to understand the collie's fine nature. The dog they portrayed, however, was not the luxuriously reared pet we know to-day, but the unkempt companion of humble folk.

The Newfoundland dog, though of plebeian origin, and a hard worker in his native land, is generally

regarded as an aristocrat. He is dignified, gentle, and kindly in nature.

Both dogs are very sagacious, and the painter and poet agreed in giving them the thoughts and feelings of human beings. In the picture Cæsar seems to be describing the fashionable revels he has witnessed, while honest Luath listens in amazement to the recital. The landscape is such as one might see in Scotland. At the foot of the hill lies a lake, beyond which is a range of low mountains.

Two years after painting the picture of The Twa Dogs, Landseer made a pilgrimage to Ayr, the birthplace of Burns, and rambled about the spots associated with the poet's memory. That he took a peculiar interest in the subject of the poem is shown by the fact that over thirty years after he painted it a second time, with some slight variations.

VI

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE

Any one with a sense of humor must often be struck by the resemblance between the ways of dogs and the ways of men. The dignified dog, the vulgar dog, the nervous dog, the lazy dog, the impudent dog, are all types of which there are many human counterparts. The dog, indeed, seems at times almost to mimic the manners of men. So in our picture of Dignity and Impudence we are at once reminded of a corresponding situation in human life.

The hound Grafton, posing as Dignity, lies at the entrance of his kennel, his paws overhanging the edge. His handsome head is held erect as he surveys an approaching visitor with the air of an elderly statesman receiving a political candidate. There can be no doubt that his opinions are decidedly conservative.

A small Scotch terrier has been playing about him, having no awe of his big host, but making himself quite at home in his cosy quarters. He is like a frolicsome child, playing about the statesman's chair, while the old gentleman pursues his train of thought quite undisturbed. Now at the sound of

approaching footsteps the impertinent creature peeps forth, with the curiosity of his kind, to see who the newcomer is. His tongue is thrust halfway out at one side like that of a saucy street boy making faces at the passers by. Though Dignity apparently ignores the presence of Impudence, we may be sure that the little fellow's antics afford him a quiet amusement. Plainly the two dogs are the best of friends.[1]

There is the greatest possible contrast between them, both in character and appearance. The bloodhound is of a ponderous nature which does not act without deliberation. Thoroughly aroused he may become quite terrible, but he is not hasty in his judgments. The terrier is a nervous creature, full of activity. We can see from the tense position of his head in the picture that his whole body is quivering with motion.

The bloodhound seems large even for his breed, which averages about twenty-seven inches in height. One of his huge paws is almost as large as the terrier's head and could easily crush the little creature. But in spite of his reputation for fierceness his expression here is not at all savage. It is rather grave and judicial, as if carefully summing up the character of his visitor. While the terrier saucily asks "Who are you?" the bloodhound is steadily gazing at the intruder, as if to read his secret thoughts.

[1] A story of a dog friendship as odd as that between Dignity and Impudence is told apropos of this picture in Sarah Tytler's little book, *Landseer's Dogs and their Stories*.

Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE

National Gallery, London

A modern authority on dogs quaintly says of the bloodhound's discrimination, "If he puts you down as a bad character, or one who cannot be thoroughly trusted, there must be something radically wrong about you, indeed."

Perhaps something of the gravity of the hound's countenance is due to the looseness of the skin about the head, making folds which suggest the wrinkles in an old man's face. The eyes, too, are rather deep set and impress one with the unfathomable depths of the dog's intelligence. How unlike are the shining round orbs of the little terrier. The hound's sleek short-haired coat comports well with his dignity, while the long tangled hair of the terrier suits his impudent character. With the long overhanging ears of the larger dog are amusingly contrasted the small sharp points standing upright on his companion's head. Finally, were the two dogs to lift up their voices to greet the new arrival, an odd duet would be produced by the deep baying of one, broken by the short sharp yelps of the other. Dignity and Impudence would each find perfect vocal expression.

Our picture illustrates admirably Landseer's genial gift of humor and shows us how varied was his power. As we have occasion to see elsewhere in our book, some of his works deal with pathetic, even tragic, subjects.[1] Like other men of poetic imagination the painter seemed equally ready to call forth

[1] See Suspense, The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner, War, and The Hunted Stag.

smiles or tears. While no one can look at Dignity and Impudence without smiling at the contrast, the fun is without irony. Pomposity and impertinence are amusing qualities alike in dogs and men, but are altogether harmless.

The painter has here kept strictly within the proper limits of his art. A few slight changes would entirely transform the character of the picture. By exaggerating only a little the human quality of expression in the dogs' faces and suggesting a resemblance to some particular individuals, the picture would become a caricature. Cartoonists have not scrupled to borrow the design and adapt it to such purposes. Landseer himself, however, had no aim but to produce a humorous effect of contrast between the two dogs.

VII

PEACE

A FLOCK of sheep and goats are pasturing on the meadowland above some cliffs which rise abruptly from the sea. To those familiar with the scenery of England the place recalls at once the white cliffs of Dover. The caretakers are a lad and his sister, who have brought with them a younger child. A shepherd dog is their assistant, one of those intelligent animals trained to keep the flock together and to lead it about.

It is noontide of a bright summer day. The sea lies blue and still under the clear sky. The flock no longer graze industriously, but rest in scattered groups. The young people amuse themselves quietly on the grass, and the dog has stretched himself for a nap. Overhead two large sea gulls take their flight through the air.

There is a single reminder here of a time when all was not so peaceful, — the rusty old cannon in the midst. From these uplands a battery once frowned across the Channel, threatening destruction to the approaching enemy. The booming of guns resounded where now is heard only the lowing of cattle and the laughter of children. Happily the

cannon has now so long been out of use that it has become a part of the cliff, like one of the rocks. The flock gather about it as a rallying place, and in its black mouth grow tender herbs for the lambs to crop.

No cottage is in sight, and we judge that our young people have brought their flock from a little distance. Two sturdy goats act as beasts of burden in the family, both equipped with saddle and bridle. As they rest now at one side they are the impersonations of docility and dignity, but a hint of mischief lurks in their complacent expressions. One feels decidedly suspicious of the old fellow with the long beard. Twin lambs lying at the cannon's mouth are the softest and daintiest little creatures of the flock. So, evidently, thinks the sheep beside them, gently nosing the woolly back of the one nearest.

The children are of the best type of English villagers, with fresh, sweet, happy faces. All three are well dressed and have the tidy appearance which is the sign of family thrift and prosperity. The girl has her hair brushed back smoothly from her forehead and knotted at the back like a little woman's. She bears herself with a pretty air of motherliness toward her brothers. Like other English village maidens, she is skilled in all sorts of domestic duties and has few idle moments through the day. Her sewing-basket lies beside her on the ground, and while the dog looks after the sheep, she busies herself with her work.

Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

PEACE

National Gallery, London

Evidently she has some knitting under way, and the work comes to a pause while she winds a new skein of yarn. The little toddler may now make himself useful by holding the skein. He is proud of the honor and watches the rapidly moving thread with fascinated eyes. So deftly do the fingers untangle the snarls that the task is converted into a game as absorbing as a cat's cradle puzzle. Even the older lad, of the manly age to feel himself superior to such amusements, peers over the little one's shoulder with genuine curiosity. In the excitement of their occupation, the little knitter's straw bonnet has slipped from her head far down her back, leaving the plump neck exposed to the sun.

The full significance of the picture is best understood in contrast with the companion subject, War. The two pictures have been called by a critic "true poem-pictures." The painter means to show here that the choicest blessing of Peace is the prosperity of the humbler classes, who are the bulwark of the nation. Agricultural pursuits can flourish only when arms are laid down. Happy is the land where innocent children and dumb beasts can roam in safety over the country.

The long level stretch of land and sea adds much to the impression of tranquillity in the picture. The imagination has a delightful sense of liberty in great spaces. Ruskin has told us that this is because space is the symbol of infinity. However we may explain it, we certainly have here a pleasant sense of looking across illimitable space over a world flooded with sunshine.

The picture recalls the stories of Landseer's first lessons in drawing in the pastures near his boyhood home. Here he practised all day on sheep, which are the best subjects for the beginner, because they keep still so long! In later years his preference was for animals of livelier action, but in this exceptional instance, as if in reminiscence of his youth, he painted a pastoral scene with much artistic feeling.

There are a good many more figures in the picture than are usual with our painter, and he therefore had a more difficult problem in bringing all the parts into harmonious relations. It is interesting to contrast it with the altogether different kind of composition in the companion picture of War.

VIII

WAR

In the exigencies of war a stone cottage seems to have been used as a part of some rudely improvised earthworks. A detachment of cavalry has made a charge against this rampart, and the place now lies in ruins. To the smoke of battle is added the smoke of burning timbers rising in a dense cloud, which shuts out the surrounding scenes as with an impenetrable curtain. Below the breach, in a confused heap amidst the débris, lie some of the victims of the disaster. There are two dragoons, vigorous men in the prime of life, and their two splendid horses.

The man lying most plainly in sight has the appearance of an officer, from the sash worn diagonally over his steel coat. He has fallen backward on the ground beside his horse, one booted leg still resting across the saddle. His face, well cut and refined, is turned slightly away, and the expression is that of a peaceful sleeper.

On the other side of his horse, his comrade lies in a trench hemmed in by heavy beams. Both men are already apparently quite dead: it is too late for the army surgeon or nurse. Death has come

swiftly in the midst of action, and the tide of battle has swept on, leaving them behind. The horse belonging to the man in the trench has died with his rider; we see only his fine head.

The other horse, though unable to rise, is still alive. As he lies stretched on the ground, we see what muscular strength he had, — a beautiful creature whose glossy hide and sweeping mane and tail show the pride his owner took in him. The two have shared together all the hardships of the campaign, — long journeys, short rations, extremes of cold and heat, fatigue and privation. The horse has learned to listen for the familiar voice, so strong in command, so reassuring in danger. Now even in his dying agony he turns with touching devotion to his master. Not a sound comes from the closed lips, not a flutter of the eyelids disturbs the calm of the face.

Lifting his head for a last effort, the splendid creature sends forth a prolonged whinny. This must surely arouse the sleeper, and he fixes his eyes on the impassive countenance with an almost human expression of anxiety and entreaty. All in vain, and in another moment the flames and smoke will envelop them, and soon nothing will remain to show where they fell.

This is the story we read in our picture of War. There is nothing here to tell us whether the fallen riders are among the victors or the vanquished. We do not care to know, for in either case their fate is equally tragic. It was England's iron duke

Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

WAR

National Gallery, London

who said "Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won."

Various small touches in the composition add to the significance of the scene. Fresh flowers among the heaps of stones show how recently there was a smiling garden where now all is so ghastly. On the ground lie an embroidered saddle-cloth, a bugle, and a sword, emblems of the military life.

It is said that the horrors of war have never yet been faithfully portrayed. Those who have lived through the experience are unwilling to recall it, while those who draw upon their imaginations must fall short of the reality. Whenever any powerful imagination comes somewhere near the truth, people turn away shocked, unable to endure the spectacle.[1] Even this picture is almost too painful to contemplate, yet it selects only a single episode from a battlefield strewn with scenes of equal horror.

Landseer had himself seen nothing of war. The Napoleonic wars had ended in his childhood and the Crimean war was still ten years in the future. It was in the quiet interim of the early reign of Victoria when the picture was painted. The object was to emphasize by contrast the blessings of peace illustrated in the companion picture. As in Peace we have a delightful sense of light, space, and liberty, in War we have a suffocating sense of darkness, limitation, and horror.

Of the many tragedies of the battlefield, naturally

[1] As when the exhibition of Verestschagin's pictures was forbidden.

the sort which would most appeal to Landseer's imagination would be the relations between horses and their riders. Always in close sympathy with animal life, he had a keen sense of the suffering which the horses undergo in the stress of conflict. The real hero of our picture is the horse.

In an artistic sense also the dying horse dominates the composition, his great bulk lying diagonally across the centre of the foreground, and his lifted head forming the topmost point of the group. All the other figures are subordinated, both literally and in point of sentiment. Their conflict is over and they are at rest, but the suffering animal is even now at the climax of his agony, his terror increased by a desolate sense of loneliness. The pathos of the situation is the deeper because of the animal's inability to understand his master's silence.

The sentiment is one common with Landseer, as we see in other pictures of our collection. It is the favorite animal's love for his master made manifest in some great trial. Like the bloodhound in the picture of Suspense, and like The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner, the horse is raised by the dignity of suffering to the level of human emotion.

IX

A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY

In his walks about the city and in the country Landseer's eye was always quick to catch sight of a fine animal of any kind. To his remarkable habits of observation is due the perfect fidelity to nature which we find in all his work. One day, in a street in London, he met a Newfoundland dog carrying a basket of flowers. He was struck at once with the singular beauty of the dog's color. Newfoundland dogs of various colors were at that time common about London, red, brown, bronze, black, and black and white. Landseer had already painted a black and white one in the picture of The Twa Dogs, which we have examined.

Here, however, was a dog of a beautiful snowy white with a head quite black save the muzzle. The painter was not long in making his acquaintance, and learned that he was called Paul Pry. Permission being obtained to make the dog's portrait, our beautiful picture was the result. It is probably this picture which gave rise to the later custom of calling the white Newfoundland dog the Landseer Newfoundland, to distinguish it from the black.

The Newfoundland dog is a general favorite for his many good qualities. He is very sagacious and faithful, and unites great strength with equal gentleness. He is at once an excellent watchdog and a companionable member of the household. Children are often intrusted to his care: he makes a delightful playmate, submitting good-naturedly to all a child's caprices and apparently enjoying the sport. At the same time he keeps a watchful eye against any danger to his charge, and no suspicious character is allowed to molest.

It is possible to train such dogs to all sorts of useful service. In their native country of Newfoundland they do the work of horses, and harnessed to carts or sledges draw heavy loads. They learn to fetch and carry baskets, bundles, and letters, and are quick, reliable messengers.

Perhaps their most striking peculiarity is their fondness for the water; they take to it as naturally as if it were their proper element. They are not only strong swimmers, but also remarkable divers, sometimes keeping their heads under the surface for a considerable time. Nature seems specially to have fitted them for the rescue of the drowning, and in this humane calling they have made a noble record.

Innumerable stories are told of people, accidentally falling from boats, bridges, or piers, who have been brought safely to land by these dog heroes. The dog seizes the person by some part of the clothing, or perhaps by a limb, and with the weight

Fr. Hanfstaengl. photo. John Andrew & Son. Sc.

A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY

National Gallery, London

dragging at his mouth, makes his way to the shore. He seems to take great pains to hold the burden as gently as possible, keeping the head above water with great sagacity. Some one has told of seeing a dog rescue a drowning canary, holding it so lightly in his mouth that it was quite uninjured.

It is in his capacity as a life saver that the Newfoundland dog of our picture is represented, called by the pleasant jest of the painter, A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society. Surely no member of the honorable body could be more efficient than he in that good cause. He lies at the end of a stone jetty, his fore paws hanging over its edge a little above water level. Nothing can be seen behind him but the gray sky, with sea gulls flying across: against this background the massive head stands out grandly. He seems to look far out to sea, as if following the course of a distant vessel. A gentle lifting of the ears shows how alert is his attention; he is constantly on duty, ready to spring into the water in an instant.

His attitude shows his great size to full advantage, — the splendid breadth of his breast and the solidity of his flank. The open mouth reveals the powerful jaw. A sense of his strength is deeply impressed upon us. The pose suggests that of a couching lion, and has the same adaptability to sculpture, as we may see by comparing it with the bronze lion of the Nelson monument.

As the dog lies in the full sunlight, the picture is an interesting study in the gradations of light and

shadow, or of what in technical phrase is called *chiaroscuro*. A critic calls our attention to "the painting of the hide, here rigid and there soft, here shining with reflected light, there like down; the masses of the hair, as the dog's habitual motions caused them to grow; the foreshortening of his paws as they hang over the edge of the quarry." [1]

Other Newfoundland dogs are known to fame through epitaphs written in their honor by distinguished men, such as Lord Byron, Lord Grenville, and the Earl of Eldon. Never has dog had a nobler monument than this Distinguished Member of the Humane Society, whose portrait ranks among Landseer's best works.

The owner of the dog, Mr. Newman Smith, became likewise the owner of the picture, and by him it was bequeathed to the English National Gallery, where it now hangs.

[1] F. G. Stephens.

X

A NAUGHTY CHILD

In stories of the English village life of half a century ago we often read of the "dame school," where children took the first steps in their education. This would be held in the cottage of the schoolmistress, who, in our imagination, was always a kindly old woman in a big cap and short petticoats. The children sat in rows on hard wooden seats, or "forms," and gabbled their lessons aloud. Each was provided with a slate on which letters and figures were laboriously inscribed. By the great fireplace sat the mistress, and the big-faced clock ticked off the slow hours. A striking contrast was this to the kindergarten of the twentieth century!

Our picture shows us a corner of a dame school where a naughty child is in a fit of temper. The rough board walls, with great projecting beams, show how little thought was given to schoolroom adornment in those days. The high bench, without back, is as uncomfortable a seat as one could imagine. It is supposed that the children of that period were strictly disciplined in good behavior, but it appears that naughtiness was no less common then than now. The refractory pupil who would

not learn his lessons was condemned to sit on the dunce stool, wearing the tall pointed cap. Naturally he did not yield readily to his punishment, and there was often a struggle with the mistress before peace was restored.

The child of our picture is evidently giving the good dame a great deal of trouble. Neither threatening nor coaxing can induce him to study his lesson. The book is turned face down on the form, and in a storm of rage the boy has thrown his slate crashing to the floor. This exhibition of temper is followed by a fit of sulks. He squeezes himself into the smallest possible space in the corner, huddling his feet together, toes turned in, and pressing his arms close to his side. The raising of the shoulders reminds one of the way a cat raises its back as it shrinks from its enemy. The child's mouth is twisted, pouting in a scornful curve. His eyes, bright with unshed tears, glare sullenly before him into space. Here is wilfulness and obstinacy to a degree.

If the boy's face were not disfigured by anger, we should see in him a handsome little fellow. He is of a sturdy build, with plump arms and shoulders, a noble head with a profusion of flaxen curls, and a face which might be charming in another mood. If the schoolmistress could once win him she would have a pupil to be proud of. Such a head as his might produce a Daniel Webster.

The episode of the schoolroom is the story the painter wished us to read in his work. The real

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

A NAUGHTY CHILD

South Kensington Museum, London

story of the picture is quite a different tale. The scene of the Naughty Child's temper was Landseer's own studio, and the child was angry, not because he had to learn a lesson, but because he must sit for his picture. In those days, before the invention of photography, it was indeed a tedious process to obtain a child's portrait. It is scarcely to be wondered at that an active boy like this should not relish the prospect of a long sitting.

Landseer was struck by the child's beauty and was eager to make the picture. The outburst of temper did not trouble him a bit. Seizing his sketch-book he hastily drew the little fellow exactly as he looked. It was characteristic of his art to reproduce accurately every peculiarity of pose and motion, and he found this attitude of the child far more novel and interesting than the stiff pose of a commonplace portrait. It seems hardly probable that the parents could have been pleased to have their son's ill-temper perpetuated. What they thought of the picture we can only surmise. Certain it is that later generations of mothers, leading their children through the gallery where the picture hangs, could not have failed to pause and point the moral.

Our picture emphasizes the fact that Landseer's artistic skill was not limited to the portrayal of animal life. How natural it was to think of him chiefly as a painter of dogs is illustrated in the familiar witticism of Sydney Smith. Being asked if he was about to sit to Landseer for a portrait, he asked, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

Had not Landseer's tastes gradually limited his work to animal subjects, he might have become well known both for his landscapes and his portraits. He was especially happy in the delineation of children, whose unconscious motions display the same free play of muscle as do the animals. We have seen in our picture of Peace how sympathetically he entered into the heart of childhood.

Two English painters who preceded Landseer are famous for their pictures of children, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence. It has not been thought unsuitable to compare Landseer with these great men, in the treatment of child subjects. His works, says a critic,[1] "without the color or subtlety of character of Reynolds or the superfineness of Lawrence, are quite equal to the first in naturalness and to the second in real refinement, and are without the mannerism or affectation of either."

[1] Cosmo Monkhouse.

XI

THE SLEEPING BLOODHOUND

If a universal dog-lover like Landseer could be said to have a preference for any particular kind, it was certainly for the bloodhound. This noble animal is of very ancient origin, known apparently to the Romans, and introduced early in English history into Great Britain. Apparently many gentlemen of Landseer's acquaintance were possessors of fine specimens. One of these we have already seen in the picture of Suspense, where the dog's senses are all in intense concentration. Here, by contrast, the Sleeping Bloodhound is seen in complete relaxation.

We might almost fancy the picture a sequel to Suspense, and carry on our story to another chapter, in which, the knight's wounds being stanched, the door is opened and the dog admitted to his master's presence. Quiet having fallen on the household, the hound retires to a corner for a well-deserved nap. He lies on a fur rug spread in front of an ottoman, beside which stands his master's helmet. His forelegs are stretched out straight before him, his body curled around, his head pushed forward in a position which from a dog's point of view represents solid comfort.

Though asleep he is still on guard; the painter has conveyed the impression of the dog's latent power, even in repose. Like Rab, in Dr. John Brown's famous story, he is "a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog." As he lies at his ease, we note the characteristics of his kind, — the loose skin, the long soft ears, the long thick tail. Of his most striking quality there is no visible evidence, namely, his exquisite sense of smell. It is this which has made him so valuable to man, both as a companion of his sports and a protector of life and property.

In former times when the resources of government were limited, bloodhounds often served in the useful capacity of a detective force. In the border country between England and Scotland, before the union of the kingdoms, these dogs were kept to maintain safety, and to track criminals. In Cuba they were put on the pursuit of outlaws and fugitives from justice. This explains why the dog has sometimes been called a sleuthhound; that is, a dog set upon a *sleuth*, or trail.

In our own Southern States bloodhounds were once used to recover runaway slaves, as we may read in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There have been times, too, when the dog's unique gift of scent has enabled him to find lost children and exhausted travellers, and thus be a benefactor to humanity.

Whatever the task set him, whether for good or ignoble ends, the bloodhound has always fulfilled it with unflagging perseverance and devotion. He is a dog to command both fear and admiration, and

Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE SLEEPING BLOODHOUND

National Gallery, London

we count ourselves fortunate if we win his good opinion.

The original of the portrait was Countess, the bloodhound of Mr. Jacob Bell, of whom we have also heard as the owner of the bay mare Betty. The dog had long been waiting for a portrait sitting, but the busy painter seemed to have no time for the work. Finally occurred a strange accident which was the immediate cause of the picture. Poor Countess fell one night from a parapet at Mr. Bell's residence, in some unknown way losing her balance, or missing her footing. The distance was between twenty and thirty feet, and the dog was killed. Mr. Bell immediately took the animal to Landseer's studio, and there in an incredibly short time was produced this portrait.

The story explains why the painter chose the unusual theme of a sleeping dog. Ordinarily he delighted in showing the expressiveness of a dog's eye. This being here impossible on account of the model's condition, we have instead a picture which we would not exchange even for Suspense or Dignity and Impudence. If we have here less of those higher qualities which are brought out in the dog's human relationships, we see the better the purely animal side of his nature.

The union of power with repose is a rare combination in art, and one we associate with Greek sculpture. The picture of the Sleeping Bloodhound has what we call plastic qualities. We have a sense of the massive solidity of the dog's body, as if it were

modelled in clay. In this respect the picture should be compared with the Newfoundland dog called the Distinguished Member of the Humane Society, and with the lion of the Nelson monument.

The helmet beside the dog is one of those picturesque accessories which Landseer enjoyed putting into his works. Like the gauntlets in the picture of Suspense, it suggests the knightly deeds of chivalry with which the bloodhound seems appropriately associated. The reflection of light from the polished surface of the metal makes an effective touch in the picture.

It is by no accident that the helmet occupies the place it does; it is an essential part of the composition, serving precisely the same purpose which the cavalier's hat does in the picture of the King Charles Spaniels. Both compositions gain by this device the necessary height to balance their horizontal lines.

XII

THE HUNTED STAG

In his study of the deer in the Scottish Highlands, Landseer found almost inexhaustible material for his art. In fact, nothing of interest escaped him in the life of this noble animal. If we could have a complete collection of his pictures on this subject, they would set forth the entire story of the deer. The painter, as we have seen, did his hunting with a sketch-book, and brought home, instead of so many head of game, so many pictures with which to delight future generations. Many of these pictures deal with tragic subjects, as in our illustration of a Hunted Stag borne down a mountain torrent with the hounds upon him. The pathetic side of animal life appealed strongly to Landseer's dramatic imagination. He who could see so readily the comic aspects of a situation was equally quick in his appreciation of suffering.

It has been said by a close observer of animal life that no wild animal dies a natural death.[1] Every creature of the woods lives in the midst of perpetual dangers from some one of which, sooner or later, he comes to a violent or tragic end. The rigor of the

[1] Ernest Seton-Thompson in *Wild Animals I have known.*

elements sometimes overcomes him, — rain or snow, heat or cold, flood or avalanche, the falling tree or the crashing rock. It may be that some other animal which is his natural enemy finally falls upon him and destroys him. The most cruel fate of all is when he falls into the power of the sportsman, matching against the wild creature's instincts his wits, his dogs, and his rifle. In such an unequal contest man seldom fails to win.

Deerstalking was long the favorite sport in England, dating from the early days of semi-barbarism, when the only serious pursuits of the rich were war and the chase. The forest laws of the old Norman kings set the punishment for killing a deer, except in the chase, as great as for taking a human life. Large tracts of land were reserved for hunting grounds in districts which might otherwise have been covered with prosperous villages. Down to our own times, a large pack of hounds was maintained by the English crown solely for the use of royal hunting parties. At length, at the beginning of the twentieth century, the new king, Edward VII., has abolished the custom.

It would seem that the deer was well fitted by nature to cope with his enemy the sportsman. His senses are so exquisitely delicate that he detects the approach of the hunter at a great distance. As soon as he takes alarm he flees from the danger, covering the ground in flying leaps with incredible speed. From time to time he pauses on some hilltop to locate anew the position of the enemy.

Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE HUNTED STAG

National Gallery, London

As he begins to tire, he resorts to stratagem as a substitute for speed. Sometimes another deer comes to his aid, taking the track he has made, while he hides in some thicket or flies in a different direction. One of his tricks is to run backward over his course for a number of yards, and then leap aside to start in another way. The story of the Sandhill Stag tells how a deer used this device three times in succession, the last time returning to a thicket near his track from which he could discern his pursuer long before the trail would bring him too near. After this, grown more desperate, the stag circled round till he joined his old track, and then bounded aside to let the hunter follow the cold scent.

When all such artifices fail, the hunted deer's last resort is the water. Plunging into a lake or mountain stream, he swims up the current, taking care not to touch any brush on the bank, lest he leave a scent for the hounds. It is said that he can even hide under the water, leaving only the tip of his nose above the surface.

The stag of our picture has reached the water too late; already the hounds are upon him. The mass of struggling animals is swept along the current of a mountain stream to an inevitable doom. The hunted creature raises his noble head in his dying agony, seeking to escape his tormentors. Even yet he strikes out in a brave attempt to swim, but the end is only too plain.

The painter's art has set the tragedy very forcibly before us. Behind is a lake, around which rises

a range of high hills. A single break in their outline admits a ray of sunlight into the sombre grandeur of the scene. The narrow stream which issues from the lake falls between huge boulders, in a steep descent. The struggle of the dogs with their prey churns the torrent into foam about the body of the stag.

While we admire the art which can produce such a picture, the subject, like that of War, is too painful for enjoyment. We must turn again to the Monarch of the Glen, and from the contrast of the dying with the living, we enjoy the more the splendid vitality of the animal.

XIII

JACK IN OFFICE

In the time of Landseer a familiar figure about the streets of London was the itinerant dealer in dog's meat. His outfit consisted of a square covered wheelbarrow in which he carried the meat, a basket, a pair of scales, knives, skewers, and similar tools of his trade. His assistant was a dog, whose duty was to guard the meat barrow while the butcher called for orders or delivered his goods. In this capacity a dog would serve even better than a boy, in keeping hungry animals from his master's property. There is a quaint old saying that "it takes a rogue to catch a rogue." The dog's wages were all the meat he could eat, and having satisfied himself to the point of gluttony, there would be no danger of any inroads on the meat from him.

In our picture a butcher has left his barrow standing on the cobble-stone pavement at the corner of the narrow entrance to a square. His dog Jack controls the situation in his absence, and rules with undisputed authority.

Such is the master's confidence in the dog's ability to manage, that he has taken no pains to put the meat away in the barrow. A large cut is left in

the scale pan, and a basket on the pavement contains some choice bits. Naturally the tempting odor has drawn a number of stray street dogs to the place.

From his elevated position Jack surveys them as a monarch receiving a throng of obsequious courtiers. As a matter of fact he is himself a low mongrel cur, vastly inferior in origin to some of the surrounding dogs. Circumstances having raised him to a position of authority he regards them all with supercilious disdain. A miserable, half starved hound approaches the basket with eyes fixed hungrily on the contents, the tail drooping between the shaking legs, the attitude expressing the most abject wretchedness. He is a canine Uriah Heep professing himself "so 'umble." Behind is a retriever, uplifting a begging paw, and farther away are other eager dogs. A puppy in front has just finished eating, and, still gnawing the skewer, looks up to ask for more.

Not one of them all dares touch the meat, though Jack moves not a muscle to prevent them. It is a question whether an overfed, tight-skinned animal like this would prove a very redoubtable enemy in a fight. Jack's influence, however, is due in no small measure to his sagacious air of importance. Seated on his haunches, he holds between his fore legs the handle of the scales as the insignia of office. A broad collar and a small leather harness show he has to take his own turn in serving another. Ignoring the appeal of the puppy, he turns to the group of

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

JACK IN OFFICE

South Kensington Museum, London

larger dogs, regarding them with a contemptuous expression of his half-closed eyes. He has been a keen observer of dog nature, and knows what value to place upon the professions of these fawning creatures.

The situation inevitably suggests corresponding relations in human life. It often happens that a man of inferior qualities is raised to some position of authority which he holds with arrogant assumption. Himself the servant of another, he delights in the exercise of a petty tyranny. He is forthwith surrounded by a throng of flatterers seeking the benefits he has to bestow. It is pitiable to see how some who were originally his superiors humiliate themselves before him. Like the sycophant hound and the imploring retriever, they seem to lose all sense of self-respect.

One can see how easily the picture of Jack in Office could be converted into a caricature, and it is not surprising to learn that it has been used in England as a political cartoon. American politics might also produce many a parallel situation. The party boss in a municipal government holding petty appointments in his control is a veritable Jack in Office surrounded by his followers.

The humor of the picture is, as we see, a trifle keener than in Dignity and Impudence. Arrogance and sycophancy are such despicable qualities, whether in dog or man, that they are held up not only for our laughter but for our contempt.

As may be inferred from our previous illustra-

tions, the greater number of Landseer's dog subjects were drawn from animals of the finer breeds. Jack in Office is unique in our collection as dealing with the commoner animals of the street. Even here, however, the painter found material for his favorite theme of the dog's fidelity to his master. Jack is, as it were, the butcher's business partner, sharing alike in his labors and his gains. As we are to see again in our next picture, the dog which is made the companion of daily labor is even more to his master than one which is merely a playmate.

It is instructive to examine one by one the details of the composition, which the painter has rendered with much technical skill. The vista of the square at the end of the alley is a pleasant feature of the composition, giving a more spacious background to the group.

XIV

THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER

While the mountains of the Scottish Highlands are haunted by deer, the valleys are the pasture ground for large flocks of sheep. Here our painter, Landseer, made the acquaintance of two unique characters, the Highland shepherd and his dog. In former times the shepherds of Scotland were no ordinary men. The loneliness of the life in these wilds left an impress upon their nature, making it stern and serious. Not infrequently great readers were found among them, and even poets. The Ettrick shepherd James Hogg was one of Scotland's first men of letters.

The poet Wordsworth, whose boyhood was passed in the north of England, describes in "The Prelude" his admiration for the shepherds of that region: —

> "There, 't is the shepherd's task the winter long
> To wait upon the storms: of their approach
> Sagacious, into sheltering coves he drives
> His flock, and thither from the homestead bears
> A toilsome burden up the craggy ways,
> And deals it out, their regular nourishment
> Strewn on the frozen snow. And when the spring
> Looks out, and all the pastures dance with lambs,
> And when the flock, with warmer weather, climbs

Higher and higher, him his office leads
To watch their goings, whatsoever track
The wanderers choose.
. . . . . .
A rambling schoolboy, thus
I felt his presence in his own domain,
As of a lord and master, or a power,
Or genius, under Nature, under God,
Presiding ; and severest solitude
Had more commanding looks when he was there."

The shepherd would be helpless without his dog, the collie, whose astuteness and skill can hardly be overstated. The trained sheep dog learns to know every individual member of the flock, so that if a straggler goes beyond bounds, he will reclaim it; if an intruder enters he will drive it out. When the flock is to be led home, he gathers the scattered portions into a compact body and keeps them in the way. A sagacious dog belonging to Hogg once amazed his master by gathering together a flock of seven hundred lambs which had broken up at midnight and scattered in three directions.

The collie is fitted by nature with special qualifications for his peculiar work. His neck is long and arched, that he may put his nose well to the ground and stretch it when running. His half pricked ears are the best possible for distinguishing sounds at a distance, and the part that falls over protects the inner ear from the rain. His thick coat is proof against rain, snow, or wind, and the heavy mane shields the most vulnerable part of his chest, like a natural lung protector. With bare hind legs, long and springy, he can make his way easily in the

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER

South Kensington Museum, London

heather. The long, tapering muzzle gives a peculiarly intelligent look to the face. An authority on dogs says, "There is, if the expression may be used, a philosophic look about him which shows thought, patience, energy, and vigilance."

The shepherd and his dog are constant companions from dawn to sunset, sharing the responsibilities of their charge. Common hardships seem to knit the friendship, and the tie between them is unusually close. We can easily understand that a faithful dog deprived of his master would mourn him deeply. Such grief is the subject of our picture, The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner.

An old shepherd living alone in his rude cottage has thrown down his hat and staff for the last time. His neighbors have prepared his body for decent burial, the coffin has been closed and nailed, and now stands on the trestles ready for removal. The shepherd's plaid has been laid over it as a sort of pall, and a bit of green is added by some reverent hand. For the moment the house is deserted, and the dog is left alone with all that represents his master's life to him. His mute grief is intensely pathetic; speech could not express more plainly his utter despair.

A beautiful description by Ruskin suggests the important points to notice in the picture, — "the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid close and motionless upon its folds,

the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion or change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin-lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life — how unwatched the departure of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep."

The critic shows that the skill with which the painting is executed, remarkable as it is, is not so great a thing to praise the painter for as the imagination which could conceive so pathetic a scene. The picture is, he says, "one of the most perfect poems which modern times have seen."

The incident which Landseer imagined has doubtless many a parallel in actual life. There is a story of a traveller who was killed by a fall from a precipice near Mt. Helvellyn. Three months later his remains were discovered, watched over by the faithful dog. Scott's poem "Helvellyn" commemorates the incident,[1] and the line telling how —

"Faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,"

expresses well the spirit of our picture.

[1] Wordsworth's verses on Fidelity apparently refer to the same story.

XV

A LION OF THE NELSON MONUMENT

Our conception of the range of Landseer's art would be quite inadequate if we failed to notice his studies of the lion. Though his works on this subject were not numerous, he was all his life greatly interested in the noble animal called the king of beasts. As a boy, he used to visit a certain menagerie called Exeter Change, and make drawings of the beasts there. A drawing of a Senegal lion, made here at the age of nine, is very creditable. The same menagerie furnished, many years later, the material for his first serious lion study. One of the animals having died, Landseer obtained the body for dissection. His methods of work were always thorough. He believed that it was only by mastering an animal's anatomy that a painter could faithfully reproduce its motions and attitudes. The result of his studies on this occasion was an interesting series of pictures, — A Lion disturbed at his Repast, A Lion enjoying his Repast, and A Prowling Lion.

Naturally opportunities for dissecting lions were not frequent, and the painter had to bide his time for further studies. A friend who could help him

in this respect was Mr. Mitchell, secretary of the Zoölogical Society. Whenever the secretary happened to have a dead lion on his hands, he offered Landseer the first chance to obtain it. An amusing story is told of one of Mr. Mitchell's efforts in his friend's behalf. A company of guests was gathered one evening at Landseer's house, when suddenly a man servant appeared at the drawing-room door, and quietly asked, "Did you order a lion, sir?" The inquiry was made in a matter-of-fact tone, precisely as if ordering lions were an every-day affair, like ordering a rib of beef, or a leg of mutton. There was a sensation among the guests, and much merriment was caused by their pretended alarm. Tradition says that Charles Dickens was of the party, and it was he who often told the story afterwards. As it proved, Mr. Mitchell had sent the painter a lion which had died that day in the Zoölogical Garden of Regent's Park.

In 1859 Landseer received an important commission from the English government requiring all his knowledge of the lion. His task was to model some lions to ornament the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square, London. This monument had been erected more than fifteen years before (1843), in memory of the admiral under whose leadership the English fleet had won their victory off Cape Trafalgar, October 21, 1805. It consisted of a tall granite column surmounted by a statue of Nelson. To make the base of the column more imposing, it now seemed desirable to place colossal bronze figures of lions at the four corners.

Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

A LION OF THE NELSON MONUMENT

Trafalgar Square, London

With characteristic thoroughness, the artist made his preparatory studies. Two of these are rough sketches on canvas in the National Gallery of London, and show distinctly the original data for his final conception. Apparently they are studies from menagerie animals. One is in profile, showing the beast as he creeps in snarling discontent within the limited area of his cage. The other sketch has caught the attitude of the animal lifting his head to scan an approaching visitor. In these two studies, Landseer obtained the proper proportions of the side face, from nosetip to ear, and the length of the front face, from the crest of the mane to the lower jaw. They also show completely the manner in which the mane grows, both along the back and on each side the face.

It could not be expected that a man who had been all his life a painter would immediately acquire proficiency as a sculptor. Landseer had his lions under way nearly ten years, and in the mean time practised himself in the new art by modelling the figure of a stag. Certain qualities of sculpture he had already shown in some of his paintings. The pose of the Newfoundland dog called A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society is conceived in the spirit of plastic art. So also is The Sleeping Bloodhound. When it came, therefore, to modelling a figure, the artist understood well how to secure a monumental pose. In this point his work is especially successful.

The lion lies in a grand, majestic attitude. The

mane rises like a crown on his brow, and falls in splendid masses on either side his head. The mouth is open, and the expression a little mild for dignity. One is reminded of the tamed spirit of the menagerie captive rather than of the proud majesty of the animal in his native wilds. A work of this sort must necessarily have a certain stiffness and conventionality which we should not like in a painting.

It is said that Landseer modelled only a single figure, and the others were cast from the same model with slight variations. When at last the work was completed, the colossal figures were mounted on huge pedestals radiating diagonally from the four corners of the square base of the monument.

XVI

THE CONNOISSEURS

The story of Landseer's art career was a series of continuous successes from his precocious boyhood to his honored old age. He was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy when he was in his teens, and early in his twenties he was successful enough in his profession to set up an establishment of his own. He then took a small house in a pleasant part of London known as St. John's Wood, and fitted up the barn into a studio. The place was called Maida Villa, as a compliment to the famous staghound which was Sir Walter Scott's favorite dog. Here Landseer lived, like Sir Walter himself, surrounded by dogs. He never married, and his sister, Mrs. Mackenzie, was for many years his housekeeper.

His life was, of course, a very busy one, filled with commissions which came much more rapidly than he could execute them. His house was enlarged as his means permitted, and became a delightful resort for many favored guests. The painter was of a frank nature, genial and kindly among his friends, witty in conversation, and a clever mimic. An invitation to one of his parties was a privilege. Many were the distinguished patrons who visited

his studio ; even the royal carriages were sometimes seen standing at the door of Maida Villa.

His work was duly rewarded with the proper honors. At the age of twenty-eight, the painter was elected to membership in the Royal Academy, and twenty years later he was knighted. Thereafter he was known as Sir Edwin Landseer, probably the most popular painter of his day.

He is described as a man of heavy figure, six feet in height, with a weather-beaten countenance. He used to wear a sober gray tweed suit, and had the general appearance of an English country gentleman. His movements were quick and energetic.

Our portrait shows him at the age of sixty-two, when his beard was white. His face is attractive because of the kindly expression, but it is by no means handsome. The redeeming feature is the high broad forehead, the sign of the fine poetic temperament of which so many of his works are proof.

It was characteristic of Landseer to paint his portrait with his dogs. Neither the man nor his art can be separated from the animal to which he devoted his best gifts. The dogs give the title to the picture, and with the genial humor natural to the painter, he represents himself as the subject of their criticism. Holding his sketch-book across his knees, he appears to be making a pencil study of some dog subject, while over each shoulder peers the grave face of a canine "Connoisseur." The dog at the painter's right seems to express approval, while his

more critical comrade on the other side reserves judgment till the picture is completed.

It would appear that Landseer's dog pictures were faithful enough to satisfy the judgment of the originals. "We cannot help believing," writes an admiring critic,[1] "that the manner in which Landseer drew the forms and expressed the character of the canine race would have been rewarded with the gratitude, if not the full satisfaction of such a critic. . . . On the whole, seeing that he was but a man [the Connoisseurs] must, we fancy, have allowed that he was a good artist, a fair judge of character, and meant kindly by them."

The honors bestowed upon Landseer culminated at the time of his death in the magnificent funeral ceremonies attending his burial at St. Paul's Church, London. His body was laid near those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Turner, Fuseli, and other famous English painters. In the memorial sermon following the funeral, the painter's character was fittingly summed up in a few lines from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

[1] Cosmo Monkhouse.

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